



# The

# Acorn



# Merry Christmas To All

## FACULTY PROFILE

Friends! Are you confused because your instructor resembles a student? Don't worry your li'l ole heads and fret about it. That man is no other than Dr. Paul Holle, professor of natural sciences. He is easily recognized by his long white coat (Dr. Kildaire??) and his unruly, blond hair (a la Sen. Kennedy). Both characteristics are becoming to his witty, straightforward, and charming personality.

Paul Holle (no shirker, he) has known the meaning of industry ever since he was knee-high to a grasshopper in Indiana. He was the fourth child in a family of five, all of whom learned to speak German before they spoke English. During his school years, he diligently worked side by side with his father on their farm, raising purebred cattle and pursuing experimental planting for Purdue University.

His grammar school days were spent in a rural school where the pot-bellied stove was the main attraction. The interesting feature was that the pupils who sat near the stove were slightly roasted, and those who sat further away had frozen ink. Following graduation  
(Continued on Page 5)



DR. PAUL HOLLE

## SENIORS ON PARADE

This month, the **ACORN** would like to have you meet Eugenia Pepi and Paul Sullivan, two popular representatives of our Senior Class at W.S.T.C.



JEAN PEPI

Jean is a graduate of North High School, class of 1954. While there she was very active in class and school functions such as the French club, camera club, a member of their cheerleaders and other clubs.

Here at W. S. T. C Jean has compiled an excellent record of accomplishment, one to be envied by many. Jean is currently president of the Student Advisory Council, president of Kappa Delta Pi, vice-president of the French Club, a member of the **Acorn** and is on the yearbook committee.

Jean is planning to teach on the secondary level in the city upon graduation and with her teaching ability, charming personality and jovial disposition, she will certainly be an asset to any school system.



PAUL SULLIVAN

Paul graduated from Roslindale High School a Boston suburb, in 1953. In high school Paul was active in social events, clubs, and athletics (baseball & track).

At State Teachers College Paul has continued his success. His popularity has elected him as president of the class of 1958. He is also active in clubs such as Newman Club, Glee Club, Dramatic Club and S. N. E. A

Paul, a born leader, plans to do a hitch with the Marine Corps for three years. He will enter as a second lieutenant upon graduation.

After his date with Uncle Sam, Paul intends to teach on the secondary level in the vicinity of Boston.



HELEN FITZGERALD

## Junior Prom Is a Success

The 1957 Junior Prom, put on by the class of 1959, was a tremendous success. The colorful event was held on Nov. 22, at the beautiful Wachusett Country Club just outside of Worcester. The music was under the leadership of Jerry Hedin and was received with great pleasure throughout the Friday evening by the couples.

Dr. Shea, the Junior class advisor, worked strenuously along with the class officers and other members of the prom committee. Class officers are: Bob Dunne—President, Mo McCarthy—Vice-President, Barbara Lyons—Secretary, Tom Durkin—Treasurer, Beverly Heeley and Helen Fitzgerald—Social Chairmen.

The chaperones were President and Mrs. Sullivan, Dr. and Mrs. Saunders, Dr. and Mrs. Shea, Mr. and Mrs. Shaughnessy, Dr. Sullivan and Miss Morris. At approximately 10:00 P.M., the girls were asked to dance with their escorts and the judges selected the queen and her four attendants. Bob Dunne an-

## The Non-Intellectualism of the Average American College Student

There is a prevailing attitude among today's college students which is directed against the intellectual life and it's responsibilities. We cannot blame this entirely upon the anti-intellectual tradition of America. The individuals concerned are at fault. The student has a primary duty to seek the truth, which can be known only through the rigid intellectual disciplines which are necessary for sound and correct thinking. It is a student's obligation to develop these disciplines properly, and this can only be achieved through constant studying, reading and speculative inquiry.

The average college student is too occupied with memorizing facts and figures without reflecting on

## Christmas Reflection

Soon this cry will be echoing through the corridors of Worcester Teachers. Students and faculty will be making their way homeward. The holiday season with its hustle and bustle has started, or has it?? Are we now entering a holy and happy period of time which will be climaxed by religious services of all faiths on December 25, Christmas Day, or are we slipping again into another rut of commercialism, a time only for exchanging of gifts, office parties and a purposeless round of celebrations. Since the middle of November the public has been bombarded with advertisements stressing "the perfect gift for him or her"; stores are decorated with trees, lights, and ornaments. Are these decorations proclaiming the joy and happiness we feel at the anniversary of the birth of Christ or are they merely for the honor and glorification of the many, products within the walls of the celebrated emporiums these devices decorate.

The hustle and bustle preceding Christmas is fine but should it start before Thanksgiving has rolled around? Are we to think that the Christmas season begins and ends with the football season. I think not.

Is Christmas to become but another of the trends towards commercialism the American public is constantly accused of, or is it to remain as a period where we can put aside, for a time, the world-

liness surrounding us and contemplate and rejoice in the holy and happy days of Christmas. If we should all strive to make these approaching holidays ones which will truly portray the true spirit of Christmas, I'm sure that after the tree is taken down, the ornaments packed away, and the last scrap of tinsel swept from the hearth, we will feel in our hearts that this has been a Merry Christmas.

Tom Fitzgerald.

## CLUB NEWS

### A. C. E.

On October 1 the A.C.E. held its Reception and Tea. The A.C.E. Card Party on November 12 at the Father John Power Center was a huge success

### DRAMATIC CLUB

The members of the Dramatic Club are busy preparing for the W.S.T.C. annual play. This year's play—Our Miss Brooks.

### STUDENT CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

The Student Christian Association was the sponsor of the Thanksgiving collection. This collection was to help provide needy families with a Thanksgiving dinner.

### INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS CLUB

The International Relations Club saw a film on the Middle East on the first of November.

### Literary Club

The aim of the Literary Club is to develop an interest in literature by discussing books and plays and to inspire an interest in the evaluation of reading.

### Student Christian Association

The Student Christian Association tends to aid Protestant people who search for fulfillment in their understanding of God. The group meets once each month.

(Continued on Page 4)

JOHN J. SCOTT,



# The Acorn

The ACORN is a student publication of the State Teachers College at Worcester, Massachusetts, published monthly; it is printed by the Saltus Press, located at 63 Myrtle Street, Worcester, Massachusetts.

Editor-in-Chief	Fran McDevitt
Managing Editor	Jack Manning
Secretary	Kathleen Desy
Treasurer	Jim Halliday
Sports Editors,	Jean Jakola,
	Mike Kinnarney
Cartoonist	Phil Miller

Faculty Advisor Dr. Carleton Saunders

Staff: Marsha Balzerini, Joan Bennet, Suzanne Blackstone, Joan Brauzis, Francis Crimmins, Jack Dowling, Joan Dunford, Tom Fitzgerald, Carole Flynn, Robert Fougere, John Gaumond, Linda Heinold, Victoria Jarvis, Carole LaFontaine, Lenore Lapriore, Arlene Mazurkiewicz, Dom McGrail, Tom McGrain, Don McGrath, Aidan McSherry, Mo Moriardi, Arlene Ocden, Andy O'Keefe, Pat O'Reilly, Dick Pleshaw, Bridget Quinn, Charlotte Ruberti, Frances Scott, Jack Simoncini, Dana Straight, Joan Thornton.

## EDITORIAL

During recent weeks, in fact during recent years there has been a great deal of comment among the students concerning the lack of school spirit at W.S.T.C. The spirit of the students is definitely not what it should be. It is hardly existent. A sober and realistic evaluation seems to be in order, in fact, requisite. Nor can the value of school spirit be overestimated.

Unless this abominable situation is remedied quickly, it is liable to become, if it has not already, an extremely detrimental reflection not only on our school, but the faculty and the students as well. Many excuses have been given quite freely by various students for this lack of spirit, but no reasons. Truly there can be no acceptable excuse; there is no reason, but there is fault.

Who should receive the brunt of criticism? Who is most at fault? What can be done? To answer the first questions first, the main blame must be placed on the student body. The "actively interested" group of students is smothered by the apathy of the mass, and rendered impotent. But the faculty too must accept some blame, whether that blame is justifiable or not. Any reflection upon the students, good or bad, must of itself reflect likewise upon the faculty. It seems reasonable to assume that any solution to this very real problem must be accomplished by a co-operative effort of both students and faculty. It is both a challenge and a duty that we do something tangible.

Any official organization would probably be useless—there are too many of these as it is, most of which have little or nothing to recommend them, many of which, in a sense, work against each other. Some other method of solution is required.

It is the proposal of the **Acorn** that a meeting place of faculty and student representatives be found. Let each section elect a representative to meet with a number of faculty members in open discussion with the hope and purpose that some positive action will result. Let this be a nucleus for the development of ideas—ideas of cause and ideas of solution.

This editorial is meant as a challenge to students and faculty alike, and must be met by both—or dismissed by both.

J. M.

## WORDS

Trite, redundant, and pedantic,  
Frenzied, furious, terribly frantic;  
Cacophonies of clanging and clashing cliches,  
Contributions of pseudo-intellectual soirees;  
Propagated by thoroughly educated fools,  
Supplying the less imaginative with tools  
To disrupt the serenity of meditation,  
To disturb the solitude of sweet cogitation.  
— Oh, for one true thought.

La —

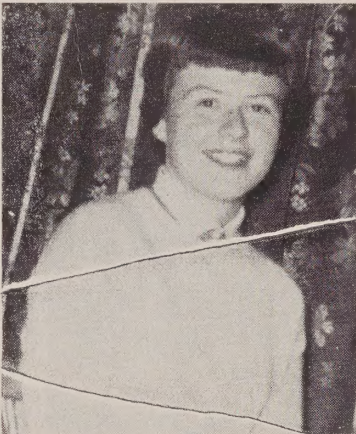
## Seniors on Parade



CAROL A. ROSEEN  
Vice-President of Class of 1958

High School Activities — North High, Worcester—Basketball, Field Hockey, Tennis, Ski Club Vice-President, Latin Club, President's Council, Record Board, Vice-President of class of 1954.

College Activities—W.A.A. Board member—last year and this year. A.C.E., Kappa Delta Pi, Student Public Relations Association.



DOROTHY SULLIVAN  
Vice-President of Class of 1958

High School Activities — North High School — Basketball, Field Hockey, Tennis, Bowling, French Club, Glee Club Vice-President, Mixed Chorus, President's Council, Ski Club, Horace Mann, Honor Student.

College Activities — Newman Club, A.C.E., Audio-Visual Aids Club, S.P.R.A., Student N.E.A., W.A.A. board member in Sophomore year and Secretary in Junior year, Kappa Delta Pi.

## Freshman Dating Bureau

Eight members of the Class of '61 have formed a date bureau under the officers of their class, for the good of the Freshmen and their Prom.

The members in the different sections are:

- F-1 Helen Barry
- F-2 Joe Cooney
- F-3 Jacqueline Elia
- F-4 Shelia Johnson
- F-5 Jo-Ann McCann
- F-6 Marilyn Peters
- F-7 Teddy Provo
- F-8 Suzan Sullivan

Since most of the Freshmen do not know all the members of their class it seems advisable to form a committee of this type.

The F.D.B., as it will be called, hopes to keep its activities as quiet as possible and therefore not embarrass any of the students that make use of its benefits.

The F.D.B. will draw up a list of the names of those who would like to attend the Prom but do not have dates and it will do what it can to provide them with escorts.

P.S.—The Freshman Dating Bureau does not intend to deal with such problems as, the inability to dance, financial troubles, or fixing-up married students.

J. COONEY

## Faulty Faults

I love parades! There are few things in today's exciting and wonderful civilization which are more interesting, more exhilarating. I can brave cold and rain and heat and snow, standing for hours, in order to see a colorful parade from beginning to end. No sight is more pleasant to me than row upon row of resplendent marchers, soup after group of bands and brotherhoods, mile after mile. lively sights—lavish floats, pretty girls, prancing horses, sure-stepping regiments. Oh, so many wondrous things!

But before I get carried away by my exuberance, let's look at parades in different places in America and even the world.

The variety of parades is limitless. First of all there is the military parade, consisting of military things. The parade is led by the stern officers and their staffs. Then there is an almost endless stream of flags and banners, followed by hundreds or even thousands of marching men; and each regiment of soldiers is separated by imposing monsters of destruction. Overhead the roar of jets plays its martial accompaniment. The wonder and beauty of this parade lies in its contagious feeling of power.

Next for our notice is an almost opposite type of parade—I call it a "happy" parade. This parade is usually of local origin and celebrates some glorious event of the past or present. Leading this would be the important local, perhaps state, officials. Then come the ever-present flags and banners; local military units and local organizations follow with their own bands of course. And we mustn't neglect the intricate, beautifully intricate floats and their counterparts, the pretty girls. Nor can we ignore the effect of this type of parade is one of gaiety and joy.

Yet another type of parade might be called the "Victory" parade. The focal point of this is the victorious group of football players, national heroes, or any such group which has just won a great victory. The banners and flags are all about; the rest is made up of followers and well-wishers. The "victory" parade is unique in its aura of glory.

The last type I would like to mention is the "sad" parade—the funeral entourage. Nor is it less a type of parade than the others, for, in truth, the only difference lies in its destination and its finality. It is distinguished by its silence only.

The parade is not a new idea, it is native to no culture. It is not a product of civilization. The ancient cultures of the Orient had parades. The Romans and Greeks had theirs'. The chivalrous knights of the Dark Ages theirs'. Only recently the "terrible" Russians had a parade commemorating the Bolshevik revolution.

But we, the American people, are the greatest "paraders" in the world, past and present. We shall have a claim to history as that nation which had more and bigger and better parades than any other nation, and should by justifiably proud of this accomplishment. We have our Mardi Gras, our Rose Bowl Parade, a parade for every worthwhile event—in fact we sometimes manage to have a parade for no reason at all—the "parade for parade's sake."

The one gripe I have against parades in America is that they end so soon after they begin. Few last longer than two or three hours. Just as the people are worked to a frenzy by the stirring sights passing by them, the last of the bands and banners pass—and then life starts again.

But I have neglected one very important part of the parade. The throng which watches, the mass of people. And sad as it is, these masses of men and women may never get a chance to be in a really great parade, with the exception of their own funeral, which perchance may be small and insignificant, especially to them. But I have a solution for this problem.

I propose that an entire week be set aside for the parade of all parades. This parade would take place all over the nation, though to be practical it would necessarily be made up of many parades. What a wonderful parade it could be. There is no space here to present a detailed plan of arrangement but I will mention a few high points.

First come the nations leaders—in all their pomposity and righteousness. Then banners and flags. Then the stout members of exalted organizations (their faces are red from exertions of the spirit I'm sure, and not from spirits.) These are followed closely by the military (complete with tanks and jet accompaniment.) Then come varying groups of lavish floats, pretty girls, prancing horses, sure-stepping regiments—Oh, so many wondrous things!

To go further in details is unnecessary. It remains only to choose a time and name. The time! How about the first week in April. The name—let's see, the first week in April—of course, All Fools Parade!

I love parades!

J. M.

## Time of Death

So soon the time of death is looming,  
So near the fateful bells are booming.

I have no thought of it,  
Nor have I dread within.

For man is lost, no hope shall save  
Him from his rotting, restless grave.

Is this so wrong, so very sad?  
What thing of earth can make him glad?

Not love or wealth or power,  
Nor thought of sweet tomorrow.

Each man is lost, no joy can save  
Him from his rotting, restless grave.

J. M.



# The Frustrated Dragon Wagger

Setting—King's palace in East Yanhow.

The King, Sir Morbid Mordred, dressed in his ivy league armor with buttoned down links is pacing the floor, chewing cigarette holder.

Knights of Old are in hushed huddle around square table, ears glued to castle's Hi-Fi blaring, Concert by the Mal de Mer by Mr. Improvisation, Lancelot Garner.

1st Knight: Man, dig that crazy harpsichord.

2nd Knight: Yeah man, real cool.

King in wrath: Forsooth ye knights, I am beguiled. I wist that ye may fiercely pledge to rid my realm of yon ferocious dragoness. I am smitten by sorrow. In foul hideousness, she hath destroyed all lovely damsels.

Pledge, avenge, slay this creature who darest leave sole ugly dames—er—damsels!

All Knights pledge.

King: Alas, who will seeketh her out amid fierce peril and inter her in the cold earth?

Sir Percival Poorstroke, flower of all noble Knights, jumpeth forth eagerly.

I will slay this creature! Man, like I say, I'll slay her!

He charges out to his dasher—er—he dashes out to his charger and amid a burst of cheers of 'Long Live Percy' (Percy was his knightname) he rushes forth. Lo, in his eager simplicity, he jumps the moat, a most difficult endeavor with the drawbridge up—and rides off into the setting spheroid.

Checking his speedometer, he kneweth that he had reached Dragoness Headquarters. Lo, dismounting gracefully, he picketh himself off the sod, brusheth his pin striped leggings, and crept, sword raised, through the underbrush. Suddenly he saw it—Draggy's Waterfront Cave, and thus she standeth—Lola LaDragon, beautiful in a slimy green A shaped gown, with flaming mouth and tongue hanging to one side.

Standing tensely, he awaited the charge-ho. She ambleth over with thundering sway, openeth her grosse bec and spake:

Say Knighto, what is yon latest gossip? What's with the goings on at the castle?

Percy's blue blood turnedeth white, and he fell in a fatal swoon from relief.

ACT II: King's palace. King's crown barely visible over top of ditch he is standing in. (Fault or crevice caused by continued pacing.)

One lonely Knight is groveling in the corner, speaking thusly: 'Awake ye hence, little Suzie!' Jester is engrossed in opposite corner with TV commercial: 'Excalibur works good, like a sword should.'

King: Alas, I hath nothing. All noble Knights are stunted by yon miserable wretch of a dragoness wench. Alas, whereforth shall I go? Whatforth shall I do? Ah, but there is a tide in the affairs of men that taken at the flood lead on to drowning!

Espying Sir Bevidere de Bogis, he sayeth—

I loath to send thee forth, yet make thee haste, twere best ye try afore we are undone. Prithee go forth and slay yon dragoness.

Thus the noble King spake.

The Knight maketh to his steed, rode with zeal into the dusk, deeply enwrapped in thought and raccoon coat

A fortnit hath passedeth and lo, the Knight returneth in triumph. Alighting from his horse that he besfrad well, he recountedeth his battle. The dragoness had met the bur of his sword. Proof withal, the wagging tongue.

King: 'Tis done, brave Knight. I bequeath thee one half



FRESHMAN PROM COMMITTEE

L. to R. — Roland Varin, Carol Piekil, Mary Jane McGrail, Brian Sullivan, Jacqueline Elia, Joe Cooney.

## Book Review

### THE WORLD OF SUZIE WONG

By Richard Mason

This is the touching story of a young Chinese girl who falls in love with an Englishman. Robert Lomax, an amateur artist, moves to the inexpensive Nam Kok hotel to paint, unaware of the type of establishment he has invaded. This hotel is one of the many brothels in Hong Kong continually filled with soldiers and Chinese girls.

With Robert, one learns to know the Nam Kok girls as human beings, with their loves and hates, their dreams, their desires and most of all, their loyalties.

Suzie Wong, one of the "girls" engages in these immoral activities as a necessary means to raise money to send her baby son to school, rather than have him grow up illiterate like herself.

Love comes to Suzie, then heartbreak. Yet without "book learning," she still manages her life competently. You will not forget the enchanting and wonderful memories of Suzie that linger after the book is completed. The story is very warm and human and one can learn the meaning of life from the characters.

Richard Mason, the author, was born in Hale, England, in 1919. He is an avid traveler and has been to many countries including the Far East. Two of his other novels are *The Wind Cannot Read*, his first, and *The Shadow and the Peak*.

A. B. O.

## JUNIOR JOTS

Anybody notice that gleam in the eyes of the Juniors these days? Yes, we're finally sporting that long-awaited class ring. Many thanks to Mal Kilborn for doing such a great job as our ring committee chairman. You certainly did hurry things along, Mal.

During the past few months, a special gleam has been observed radiating from the "third finger, left hand" of the newly engaged. The best of everything to Bev Heeley, Gail Anish, Joan Leventhal, Georgine Bauer, Harriet Brody; and we all wish a lifetime of happiness to Mrs. Jane (Shenkowski) Umphrey.

By this time, the "Social Event of the Season" is something we will long remember. Our prom was a great success, due in no small part to the well-organized committees. Publicity was certainly well taken care of under the able supervision of Lucille Banionis. Our skits went over well according to latest campus survey. The Junior class "dramatic club" has blossomed forth with an outstanding example of their artistry to further proclaim this "grande balle" to the Lancers. The evening of November 22nd was highlighted by the crowning of our lovely queen, Helen Fitzgerald. Her court was comprised of Christian Williamson, Helen O'Connor, Barbara Fletcher, and Lucille Banionis.

D. T. H.  
The Junior Jotter

my realm and the hand of fair maiden Gueneverd. Rejoice—Sir Galihood is henceforth to present yon tale as a spectacular on his show—You Envisioned It.

My subjects, here standeth the noblest Knight

Turneth toward Knight:

Why look ye so fiercely? Speak, Sir, hast thou naught to say?

Knight: Enough of this jazz, where's the doll?

Thus endeth this noble tale. It treateth of dragons, Knights, and Kings. Ye that come tither be aware that the tongue that waggeth, really waggeth, man!

(In all goodness to Sir Thomas Malory  
and Wm. Shakespeare)

Euterpe

## FRESHMEN CHATTER

After being in school for over three months, we are nearly adjusted to college life. No longer do we have to conceal our schedules from upper classmen. We know how precious our spare time is, and try to spend every minute of it in a useful way. We have become thoroughly acquainted with our fellow freshmen, not to mention the sophomores, juniors, and seniors. Perhaps, these are slight exaggerations but they are hopes for the future.

We wish to congratulate the following class officers: Brian Sullivan, president; Terry O'Hara, vice-president; Priscilla Bickford, secretary; Marilyn Peters, treasurer; Susan Sullivan and Richard MacNeil, Student Council members; Mary Jane McGrail and Gerald Coleman, social chairmen.

January 10, 1958, is a date already circled on every freshmen calendar. To those who might be unaware, St. Bernard's hall on Lincoln Street will be the scene of our prom. Joe Cooney has kindly consented to run a date bureau, so there will not be any "frustrated freshmen" at the time of our prom. Simply dial, Dateline 0-0000.

A vote of thanks to the sophomores for their welcoming dance. It was the opportunity to meet that certain someone we had noticed at school.

To all fellow students, we leave this following wish—

Christmas, Oh Christmas stand still in thy flight,  
And let us prepare with all of our might

For the best of parties, and the best of good cheer,  
And the best of good wishes for the coming year.

Mary Doherty  
Carol Pikiel

## "US GIRLS"

By Jean Jackola

Irene Winski, LuAnn Warner, Florence Gure, Gail Richards, Adrienne Sherman—ever hear of these five girls? You should have. They are just a few of the W.A.A.'s champion bowlers. These girls set a very rapid pace.

I do not want you to think that we are all champion bowlers. We are not. I have been hoping for the past few weeks that a few more novices would find their way to the Century Alleys on Trumbull Street. They would immediately feel welcome—especially if they joined the girls in Alley No. 2. We may not score high, but we have a wonderful time trying.

Thanks to your cooperation and participation, the Thursday bowling has been a huge success. Your W.A.A. board is now considering courses at the Y.W.C.A. By using the club's facilities, instructors, gymnasium and pool, the W.A.A. will eliminate their problem of having no gymnasium here at the college.

Once again, everything depends upon you—your interest, your willingness, your regular attendance at the activities.

The cheerleaders have added five new members to their squad. Carol Clarey, Marcia Bernier, Norma Bruce, and Judy Galena join Eva Rabidear, Pat O'Reilly, Sandra Hickey, Bernice Kavadaras and captains Carol Yuskiewicz and Jean Jackola in thanking both the W.A.A. and the M.A.A. for their financial support. "Ten new uniforms coming right up!!!"



IN MEMORIAM

JOE

We all knew him fairly well  
He was a **knowable** guy  
A big, healthy, smile on his face  
And a spirit that wouldn't die.

He wore some sharp and fancy clothes  
An ivy league cap and shirt,  
Which always kept him in the groove,  
And helped to ease his hurt.

Still he talked, and joked, and laughed  
And mixed with every kind,  
Teachers liked him just as much  
But to most his plight was blind.

Homework is now a passe thing  
For his **Teacher** is the **Best** you know  
We will recall on Graduation Day  
The **Smile** of laughing, lovable, **Joe**.

There need be no introduction to "Joe", who was well known by everyone as a personable fellow. Joe's wit brightened more than one dull day, and his smile was one that just never wore off.

Joseph L. Shaughnessy of Oak Street, Clinton, Massachusetts died at West Roxbury Veteran's Hospital, November 3, after a short illness.

We was a Naval Veteran of the Korean Conflict.

Although Joe was with us only for a short time, he will be missed not only by the Sophomore Class, but by the entire student body and faculty members.

'Twas the Day Before the Prom

'Twas the day before the Freshmen Prom and all through the town,

Not a girl was in sight, they were preparing their gowns.  
Their stockings were washed and hung up with care,  
In hopes that a run soon wouldn't be there.

The girls were all nestled all snug in their beds,  
While visions of their "beaus" danced in their heads.  
And she in her 'kerchief and tight beauty cap,  
Had just settled down for a short restless nap.  
When in her dream there arose such a clatter,  
She sprang from her bed to see what was the matter.

Away to the window she flew like a flash,  
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.  
The moon, on the breast of the new fallen snow,  
Gave the image of romance to the objects below.  
When, what to her wondering eyes should appear,  
But a "Lancer Eight" with her lover so dear.

With a white collared chauffeur to drive them around,  
While they were having their fun, painting the town.  
More rapid than eagles they passed every light;  
They lost track of every officer that came into sight,  
Now Ronnie! Now Mary! Now Ellen and Eddie with  
Joan and John, and Steve and Betty,

To St. Bernard's the center of attraction,  
Where the Prom will be, with plenty of action.  
So down to St. Bernards' their chauffeur did fly,  
And they were all there in a blink of the eye.  
While she was fixing her hair and turning around  
Up the stairs ran her date with a leap and a bound.

He was dressed in a suit of charcoal that was certainly his best,

And his clothes were sharp, pressed, and ready to meet the test.

A box full of flowers were flung on his back,  
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.  
His eyes, how they twinkled! his dimples, how small!  
His cheeks were like roses, Oh what a doll!  
His droll little mouth was puckered and ready,  
And the clean shaven face belonged to her steady.  
He was handsome and slender, a jolly old elf,  
She smiled when she saw him in spite of herself.  
A twist of his neck and twitch of his eye,  
Soon led her to know the trouble was his bow tie.  
To him, she was the only queen,  
And off to the prom that would be supreme.

Mary Doherty  
Carol Pikiel

Meet the Deans



DR. JOSEPH SHEA  
Academic Dean



MISS MARGUERITE  
McKELLIGETT  
Dean of Women



DR. WALTER BUSAM  
Dean of Men

Club News

(Continued from Page 1)

Association for Childhood Education

This organization for future kindergarten, primary, and elementary teachers tries to promote better understanding of children. The two main projects of the association are to elect delegates to the International Conference and to send children to camp each summer.

Le Cercle Francais

This club attempts to better the understanding of French life and to bring about a greater fluency in speaking French.

NEWMAN CLUB

The Newman Club of WSTC held its first monthly meeting on November 19. At the meeting Mr Joyal of the college faculty gave an interesting and entertaining talk about his adventures in France and Normandy. All members then participated in a "cootie party" which rose many a grin and chuckle. The winners of the game were Eleanor Brosnihan and John Dowling who were awarded very special prizes. Refreshments culminated the evening of fun.

December 17 is the date of the Newman Club Christmas party which will be held at the college. We're all going—why don't you!

THE JAZZ SCENE

Before World War I some jazz musicians had begun to drift out of New Orleans, working their way north on the river boats which plied the Mississippi. These little river boat bands were the first jazz influence upon such white musicians as the trumpeters Bix Beiderbecke and Louis Armstrong and the pianist "Hoagy" Carmichael.

In Chicago, which had by now become a center for the jazz idiom, Armstrong's fame and influence among musicians grew enormously, and he very quickly became the pre-eminent figure in jazz.

The Chicago style itself was similar to that of New Orleans music in that it accented two beats of every measure, but was nervously explosive and lacked the more easily flowing power of expression possessed by the New Orleans bands. It is today a dying force in jazz, though occasional small units affect its style, and the Bob Crosby band (1935-1942) built a national reputation on a big-band version of the original fireman style. Surviving is a form of piano playing known as boogie-woogie, first popularized by a group of Chicago Negro pianists in the middle 1920's.

Up until this time, jazz (or "hot jazz" as it was being called to distinguish it from "sweet music" the dance played by Wayne King, Cuy Lombardo, and their followers) had been performed by small units. The impact of Whiteman (Mr. Big Band), however had its effect; Negro bands became larger and began to include more instruments. The saxophone, never used in New Orleans and Chicago days, now became the trade-mark of jazz, while the size of the bands increased from six to twelve men. Chicago-style jazz was still heard, but was considered raw, unrefined, and even old-fashioned; Louis Armstrong, however, was still regarded as the most creative musician in the field.

Dana Straight.

5 Years Ago --- W. S. T. C.

The debating society renamed itself the Robert W. Fox Memorial Debating Society in honor of Robert Fox, a former member of this college who was killed in combat in World War II.

\* \* \*

The All-College Dance was held on October 14 in the college gymnasium. Music was supplied by Bill Fanning's Orchestra.

\* \* \*

Mary Jane Harvey was elected president of the Dramatics Club.

\* \* \*

Betty Mahan was the senior representative at the Swampscott Conference.

\* \* \*

On October 21st, the A. C. E. was treated to an illustrated talk on Europe by the Misses Paula Hanrahan and Shirley Makela.

\* \* \*

At the Senior Assembly Eillen McIntyre, president of Kappa Delta Pi, pledged into the society eight members of that class.

\* \* \*

On November 14th, a Gala Sadie Hawkins Dance was sponsored by the M. A. A.

\* \* \*

Three Worcester State Teachers College students were invited to join P. L. O. W. (Poetry League of Worcester). At that time the Teachers College had the distinction of having more members in P. L. O. W. than any other college in the country.

\* \* \*

Robert Ashe and Dolores Lord were sports editors on the **Acorn** Staff.

\* \* \*

On Friday, October 17, the International Relations Club held elections. Arthur Chaves was elected president of the club.

"A man's eyes are the windows of his soul."

J. M. T.

The College Professor

Professor, Professor we want no more tests,  
We hunger and thirst for those long winter rests.  
Our eyesight is dimming,  
While books we are skimming  
To earn Phi Beta crests.

Your demands are impossible, lecture notes are a mess.  
What's with those quizzes? Do we have to guess?  
Us, you don't inspire.  
So knowledge we can't acquire.  
Professor, Professor what do you profess?

Lenore & Arlene



## The Latest In College Fashions!

By I. V. League

Freshmen! Do you feel like outcasts? When Robert Hall walks by does he look at you suspiciously? Are you constantly being mistaken for one of the workmen around school? You are? Well, here's an answer to all your problems! After extensive research on campuses of the most exclusive mental institutions in the country, I have compiled a list of the favorite fashions among inmates. Here you will discover many little hints on how to become outstanding in the college fashion world, handily categorized as to sex and type of dress. Study them carefully, and who knows, some day YOU may be chosen Queen for a Day!

**Fashion Style No. 1 The Elvis (male)**—this is very popular with Freshmen nowadays, and is characterized by the tight pants, turned up shirt collar, long hair, and the clean, well-scrubbed, little boy face. It is particularly outstanding with a gold lame jacket embroidered by a guitar etched on back in glittering sequins.

**Style No. 2 The Tennessee Williams (male)**—this is sort of a mature version of the Elvis, except that the face is left unshaven for two days or so. It consists of tight dungarees, a T-shirt (preferably ripped), and an actual guitar slung about the neck. This guitar may be used to serenade unweildy professors or to carry books between classes.

**Style No. 3 The Tennessee Williams (female)**—this has been adopted by most students studying dramatics. It consists of a full-sleeved dress and covering pinafore, with the lengths of the skirt not quite to the knees, and a big Baby Snooks ribbon bow perched atop the head like a butterfly about to take off. Quite enchanting when worn with an ingenuie air achieved by opening the eyes wide and sticking the thumb in the mouth.

**Style No. 4 The Yale, or My Fair Lady look (male)**—for those who are full of old college spirit, or any kind of spirits at all. This is the traditional college get-up and marks you right off the bat as a university man! Simply borrow your mother's old raccoon coat, your father's best pipe, and buy any kind of a banner or pennant you want. The Polo Grounds are selling banners cheap this year, I've heard, so you might be able to pick up a bargain there.

**Style No. 5 The "Old Salt" (male)**—to become a member of this fashion group you must first see your nearest Marine recruiter.

After you serve your hitch and return to college you will be well supplied with the articles of clothing necessary to join.

**Style No. 6 "Mourning Becomes Electra" (female)**—for those who aspire to become a campus femme fatale, this style is quite enticing. Merely dress in black all the time. A pale, washed-out complexion helps to lend an air of mystery that men find quite fatal.

**Style No. 7 The Academia or Dante look (male)**—for the intellectuals among us. The main ingredients are a long black gown and a wreath of laurels placed on the head. Spouting Latin proverbs or doctor's prescriptions (if you know any) will impress one and all in scholarly fashion.

**Style No. 8 The "Sportsman" (male)**—most worn by the card sharps in student lounges; a barrel and a pair of suspenders.

**Style No. 9 The Garbo or "I Want to be Alone" look (female)**—this is a very casual fashion and may be achieved by wearing a thick, baggy, turtle-necked sweater, an old skirt several sizes too large, leaving the hair uncombed in the morning, and using no make-up. Guaranteed to leave you alone!

**Style No. 10 The Happy Bohemian (male)**—for all hip English majors. This is a gay, carefree fashion wherein the student prances down the corridors in artist smock and beret singing snatches of the chorus of "Student Prince", sporting a Vandyke beard to show his independence of the world. A bottle of champagne clutched tightly in a grubby little hand (and several others hidden underneath the artist's smock in case the Dean gets that one) is essential to give the gay, carefree feeling so necessary for this gay, carefree fashion.

I. V. L.

## SPECIALIZATION

Why are we a nation of specialists? This question has been on my mind, and so without further ado, I came up with a theory of my own.

Let us take the case of Russia and the United States and compare the two opposites of specialization. One type will prevail and I would like to think that ours will.

Russia seems to have put all her resources into the scientific world. She has subsidized education for only those that are capable of doing the work. What happens to the rest of the population? Competition is so keen in Russian education that advancement is slow and in most cases never happens. The average Russian worker has a fifth grade education. The person in Russia who finds the school-doors shut to him works in a factory or on one of the state run collective farms. His job is more or less tailored to fit the needs of the State. Where are the individual freedoms? Where is the freedom of men's minds and spirit? I maintain that if Russia can propel a missile and have it orbit around the earth, she can also advance the

cause of her people and the needs and wants. But this is against the doctrine of the State. Therefore the average Russian family lives in an unheated three room flat, shares the same bed with his wife and children, and he wonders what the rest of the world has and why he cannot have the same.

Now take the United States. We are a nation of nothing but specialists. Where would our country be if we were a nation of scientists? We might also have a satellite revolving about the earth, but we would be sacrificing the needs and the wants of our people. Thus the specialist is born. He has the job of satisfying these needs of the people. Obviously a dentist would not be a good mechanic.

This specialization is good for

## Meanwhile Back At The Saloon

Walking down the dusty main street of Hasbeen City, just ain't like the old days of the wild west. In those days, they could never get a law man to take over. They couldn't even get one of the "Twenty-Six Men" because they always got lost in a saloon on the way. Now, it's a different story.

Hasbeen City has so many lawmen that they will be running one another out of town if something doesn't break. Walking through the swinging doors of the Saloon, I am met by a bunch of real tough looking hombres. As I glance around this den of booze, I notice that some of these "tigers" look familiar.

Over on the third stool is, 'Hopalong (make mine sasparilla) Cassidy.' Next to him is, 'Billy (give me another milk) Kid.' Over in the corner, 'Cisco and Pancho, are arguing to see who buys the next round. 'The Range Rider,' and his side kick, 'Dick West,' are putting on a little pie eating contest for the boys. Table Talk, that is! 'The Lone Ranger and Tonto, have finally separated. (The 'Lone Ranger' found out what 'kimo-sabe' means.) Tonto was getting pretty mad anyhow because he could never think of a way to cover up blood shot eyes.

Most of these "ex world beaters" are sitting around watching TV. (Speaking of TV, Gene Autrey's hair and sideburns are getting longer. So, I think we will be seeing him again, in the near future). Meanwhile, back at the TV set, the boys are talking about current TV lawmen, and by the words they are using, they just don't think that the new blood is winning ball games.

But just a darn minute! They can't talk about our boys that way! We'll give them a contest any day, and even at their home Saloon. How can you possibly beat a team like this: 'Cheyenne' (He's our captain!), Wyatt (so what if I hit dames) Earp, Matt (Chester will carry me home) Dillon, the Sheriff (I like to ride in style, of Co-chise, Jim (buy'em by the case) Bowie, and last but not least, Annie (give us six more) Oakley. And what a bench . . . Steve Donovan, Vin Bonner, and old reliable Chester. Chester never missed a blast in his life, even if he had to crawl to it!

I can't possibly see how those old troops will give our new heroes any competition. How can we miss with the Coach of the Year, that is, Wild Bill (Go out there and down them boys) Hickock!

CRIM.

our country. It serves a purpose. It allows men the choice of a chosen field of vocation. Nothing is forced upon us. We are not restricted to a certain field. This results in keener competition among our professions which leads to greater technological advances, all of which benefit mankind.

To sum up our discussion, we might say this: Specialization aids man in many ways. It provides cheaper and more plentiful supplies of goods to our people. It satisfies man's basic need, that of belonging to an organization of some sort. Above all it does not indiscriminate or transgress upon man's freedom of will. This I believe is the case for the specialists.

## Through Hornrimmer Glasses

The greatest teacher that this earth has ever known used a method of teaching which has yet to be excelled. This is the method of the parable. The parable is effective because, although the lines are double spaced, none of the paper is wasted—there is so much to be read between the lines.

Many years ago in a land, whose name has since been forgotten by historians, there lived a people, the society of which was based upon the military. In this land everything was considered of less importance than the military. The military not only protected the people in this land but it also ruled the government, economy, and social mores of the people. From the earliest age children were taught what the uniform stood for. To the people of this land the military was the supreme institution.

At one stage in the history of the race it was realized by the ruling faction of the government (called the commonwealth) that the system was not being met each year. Since the professional soldier in this system was considered to be the most important profession in the land, the problem was considered to be one of great importance.

After many an acrimonious debate on the subject, the commonwealth decided that formal education of future military leaders would do much to alleviate the situation. Schools were set up throughout the land where young hopefuls could learn the trade. In each of these schools people of great knowledge were appointed to take charge of the training. The commonwealth left the entire matter of curriculum to the discretion of these people (who, incidentally, were called deans).

## Faculty Profile

(Continued from Page 1)

from a Lutheran parochial school, he enrolled at Decatur High School, where, because of his small stature, he displayed his enthusiasm for sports. Not by active participation in such activities, though, but in the no-less important role of cheerleader. (Rah! Rah!) At the same time, he developed his cultural interests by being an active and ardent member of numerous musical organizations. (Do, Re, Mi!!).

In his second year at Valpariso University the career of this young man was interrupted by a stay in Uncle Sam's Boarding School. His service were spent overseas in three years in the military North Africa, Italy, and Yugoslavia. His work in the army proved to be very interesting, interrogating prisoners of war. Dr. Holle's command of the German language thus proved to be an asset to our country during his period of service.

On returning to Valpariso University, Dr. Holle became a member of Kappa Iota Pi. A fraternity which claims among its members such distinguished people as Lowell Thomas, world famous traveler and lecturer, and Ray Sherer, NBC's correspondent to the White House. Dr. Holle found that as a result of his war service he was better equipped to take on the role of student, having acquired a keenness of judgment and ability to organize both his time and his method of study. He received his Bachelor of Arts degree in 1947, with a major in biology and education.

In 1948, further opportunity for advanced study was offered to Paul Holle in the form of a teaching fellowship to the University of

The deans got to work immediately to formulate a curriculum which would cover all phases of the knowledge heeded by a military leader. The fledgelings were taught methods (old and new), philosophy, and technical points of warfare, as well as the basic knowledges required of every soldier. The course of study was certainly outstanding for it even included a time when the student received practical experience at the front lines.

Although the course of study was indeed excellent in structure, the training of the future generals contained one large flaw. Since these students would someday lead and inspire the people of the land, it would seem that they should be well informed to the loves, hates, weaknesses, and problems of all the people. They should be expected to know of the pressures that effected these people in addition to the social practices and standards popularly held. The deans however, took a different view. Although the fledglings were being trained to lead others—they were not trusted to lead themselves. They were coddled and sheltered, chaperoned and overseered. In many cases they were rejected for showing human traits. This education which was given was not only insufficient but it defeated its own purpose. It had been designed to produce capable leaders yet these "leaders" were not given the credit of being able to lead themselves.

Notre Dame, where he received his Masters of Science degree in 1949.

The young scholar joined the faculty of the University of New Hampshire, in February of 1950, as a full time professor in biology and zoology. In the 1950's he continued his doctorate studies and spent one summer working in Bermuda at a biological station, as well as several summers at Woods Hole. He did a great deal of experimenting and investigation and finally completed his dissertation on *Saltmarsh Snails of the Western Atlantic* in 1956. Notre Dame University then conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

Since coming to Worcester he has taken up residence with his wife (Yes, he's taken.) and two year old daughter, Elizabeth Adele, in a new home in Shrewsbury, where much of his spare time is given to gardening and collecting antiques. In his busy life, it might be said that nature and its phenomena are always of interest to him, a fitting enthusiasm for a man of science.

We'd like to ask Dr. Holle, members of the faculty, and anyone else reading this column to pardon us for taking the liberty to insert remarks of a jocular vein. It was all written good-naturedly and we hope the facts were not distorted. Dr. Holle, we hope your stay at W.S.T.C. is extensive as well as enjoyable. Thank you for your cooperation and entertaining comments during the interview.

J.M.T., L.T.L., and A.F.M.

BETTER SCHOOLS BUILD



BETTER COMMUNITIES



# The Kernel Says

## "Lancers" Aided by New Additions

The W.S.T.C. defending champions are a good bet to keep the league crown in Worcester for at least another year. New additions from the freshman class have proved themselves capable of adequately filling the vacant positions.

In the past two weeks the Lancers have scrimmaged Clark University and Leicester Junior College. The Champs have held their own against good competition and should be well on their way to another championship season. (We hope).

Mr. Eager has posted the varsity team which lines up as follows: Varsity—Captain Fran "Berger" McDevitt, Nunny George, Bob Dunne, Bennie O'Leary, Tommy Murphy, Bruce Boldac, Dick Brierly, Joe O'Connor, Norm Foisy, Jack Simoncini, Jim Cooney and Ronald Speckauskis.

Coach Eager has much depth and

quite a variety of players making up his varsity club. Speed, height, rebounding and a lot of spirit make the Lancers a dangerous club in competition. Most of the talent being underclassmen makes W.S.T.C. a potent club for the next few years.

The Chandler Street Junior High Gym will be the site for the Lancers first home game against the Rhode Island College of Education team. This tilt is dated for December 4. The remainder of the home games will be played at the South High School Gymnasium . . . We'll see you all there.

## VAPOR TRAIL

Creeping slowly across the sky,  
Thin and clear, fading, widening,  
Dying now, extinguished by  
The atmosphere, I see you make  
Your way on, Vanish across  
The west, fall, and die  
In a setting ball of flame.

Now your streaked tail is  
Painted pink and left a wisp  
Of feather on a blue sea  
That will swallow you in a  
Moment, for the sky is an eternity  
And you are man with but  
A brief height of beauty;  
Then wander, wither, disintegrate  
And die.

## Senior Scoop

Now that the elementary's are back you can offer congratulations to the following of our newly engaged classmates: Helen Such, Carol Roseen, and Jean Collaro. Congratulations are also in store for Joe Sarli and Phil Anastas who were recently married. Neither is ready to be quoted on the new home cooking. Just like mother used to buy, boys?

With the Mayflower out of business, you can find Grace Trainor, Pat Moynihan, Sheila Morrissey, Pat McCourt, Mary LeBlanc and Ellie Sullivan buzzing over the tables at the Normandy.

Will congratulations soon be in order for Bill Owens and Alice—?

Want to learn how to dance? We have quite a few good dancers in Sr. Elementary I. Lessons in the lounge at noon hour. Music by Ronnie Aramando. Appointments not necessary.

Marie Fitzgibbons has suddenly found a new interest in basketball. How come Marie?

Was Jack Dowling really up the airport all night watching for "Sputnik?"

Jean Allen is now sporting a new haircut. Really chic, too.

Brain Dept.: Carole Flynn's article in the current issue of the Mass. Teacher.

Have you noticed that Connie Polini and Grace Trainor have that California look? They toured Mexico last summer.

New twist: Seniors who have signed contracts are busy planning a contract party. Will charge admissions, yet!

Narcissus note: Senior who throws kisses to himself in the mirror every night.

Have some optimism: The girl who tried to use her teaching contract as collateral for a loan.

Seen at the "Village Barn." One of our ex-Marines narrating his "war experiences" after ten weeks of chocolate soldering.

## SPORTSTALK

Football season is just about over and everybody is picking his All-American team for 1957 but the ACORN scoops 'em all and names the twenty-two best.

Tom Forrestal	Navy	Back
Clendon Thomas	Oklahoma	Back
John Crow	Texas A&M	Back
Walt Kowalczyk	Michigan State	Back
Bobby Cox	Minnesota	Back
Bob Anderson	Army	Back
Larry Hickman	Baylor	Back
Bob Stransky	Colorado	Back
Dick Lasse	Syracuse	End
Les Walters	Penn. State	End
Pete Jokanovitch	Navy	End
Jim Gibbons	Iowa	End
Alex Karras	Iowa	Tackle
Lou Michaels	Kentucky	Tackle
Lou Farmer	V. M. I.	Tackle
Gene Hickerson	Mississippi	Tackle
Wayne Farmer	Purdue	Guard
Chuck Howley	West Virginia	Guard
Roy Ford	Duke	Guard
Jack Lineberger	North Carolina	Guard
Charley Bruekman	Pittsburgh	Center
Bob Harrison	Oklahoma	Center

In baseball, Henry Aaron, the hustling young outfielder of the World's Champion Milwaukee Braves, was recently named the Most Valuable Player in the senior circuit. He defeated his nearest rival, Stan Musial, by a scant nine points. But was he actually the most valuable to his team? The Cardinals ended up in seventh place in 1956 as Musial had a mediocre season. This year they lost out to the Braves by a few games. Musial led the league in batting with an average of .351 (eleven points above his lifetime batting average) and practically was a one-man team in leading the Cards to their surprising finish. How can Aaron be voted the most valuable when his teammates Warren Spahn (with twenty victories), Ed-

die Matthews, and Lew Burdette helped as much, if not more, as he?

Elsewhere in baseball, Frank Lane is ready to do business in the American League again. You can look for a big swap with Cleveland ready to give up Al Smith, Vic Wertz, and Early Wynn. Boston wants Washington's pride and joy, Roy Sievers, for Ted Lepcio, Norm Zauchin, and Mickey Vernon. New York is offering Tommy Byrne, Enos Slaughter, Harry Simpson, and Joe Collins. They would like either Billy Loes or Duke Maas and they might be interested in Early Wynn (shades of Allie Reynolds).

How about Herb Score for Ted Williams?

E. L.

